



the
WESLEYAN

THE WESLEYAN

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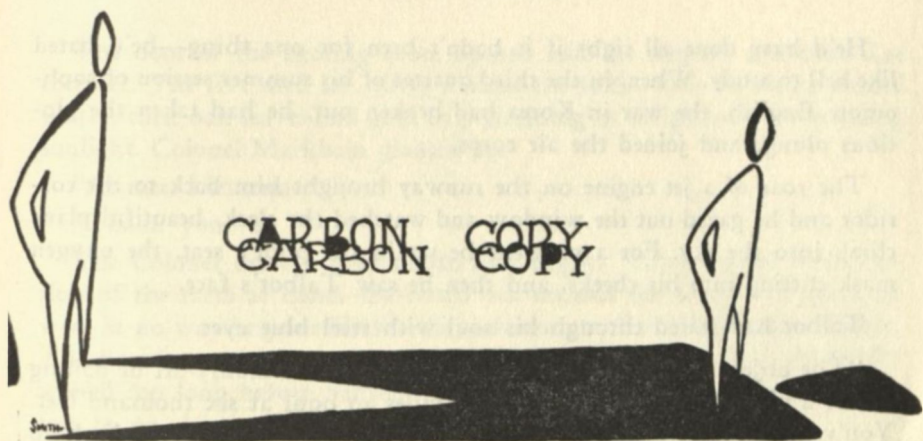
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Carbon Copy

By BETTIE WILLSON

Lieutenant Harry Lee stood beside the window that faced the hearing room and regarded with distaste the cigarette stub he held between his fingers. He dropped it and ground it into the floor beside the others he had smoked and, in doing so, thought of his Mother. She was always saying that he smoked too much. She was always saying he did everything too much. Well, what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her and there was a lot she didn't know. He could never understand why Dad had married her.

A wisp of a smile played across his willful mouth. When he and Dad got together—nobody could beat them. He could remember coming home with a bloody nose and having his Mother swoop down upon him with smothering kisses and questions and then his Dad would say, "For God's sake, Harriett, leave the boy alone."

Dad was like that. You could trust him. Like the time in high school when Lee had gotten drunk at the Country Club Christmas dance and smashed the mirrored walls in the men's rest room by throwing lead ash trays at them. Dad had talked their way out of that one at the club and later—at the police station.

He'd had fun at State, too. Early in his freshman year he had discovered the magic phrase "Old Harry Lee's son" and he had ridden on it for the next two years. It got him into the best fraternity on campus and with that—and his looks—he'd gotten the best of everything else, too.

He'd have done all right if it hadn't been for one thing—he'd hated like hell to study. When, in the third quarter of his summer session of sophomore English, the war in Korea had broken out, he had taken the glorious plunge and joined the air corps.

The roar of a jet engine on the runway brought him back to the corridor and he gazed out the window and watched the sleek, beautiful plane climb into the sky. For a moment he sat in the pilot's seat, the oxygen mask cutting into his cheeks, and then he saw Talbot's face.

Talbot had stared through his soul with steel blue eyes.

"The object of this flight is to instruct you in the manly art of bailing out of a plane traveling three hundred miles an hour at six thousand feet. You've had your ground training, lieutenant. All we do today is climb up and drop you out. It's that simple. Okay, Lee—let's go."

The two of them had climbed into the SN-J and risen into a clear blue sky and at six thousand feet, Talbot had leveled off.

"Now, if you think you're going to have any trouble," Talbot's voice cracked over the intercom, "Just say so."

Lee had smiled mockingly. "Lead pipe cinch," he thought.

"No worries, huh?" Talbot asked lightly. "Well, all right, son. Jump."

Lee leisurely checked his equipment and was reaching for the button to slide back the canopy when the plane gave a sickening lurch and, whining like a beaten dog, went into a dive.

"Hold on, son," Talbot said tensely. "I think she's blown a gasket."

Lee had frozen, his hand still on the canopy button, his mouth a trifle agape. The grey mass below him was the earth and it was closing in faster and faster.

"We're going to have to ditch her, son," Talbot explained quietly. "You'd better jump now."

He had heard the instructor's voice very far away, rising and falling, demanding and urgent, "Look, son, we haven't got much time—nothing to it—losing altitude. Come on, boy,—jump!" His arm was numb. He could not move.

The air had whistled past the tiny plane which plunged faster and faster toward the earth. He had seen a field of corn clearly outlined as though it were on a map and he remembered thinking vaguely that this was a hell of a place to have to jump out of an airplane.

"Lee!" The voice ordered sternly. "Bail out! We're down to three thousand feet!"

He had to get out. He had to. He pressed the canopy button fiercely and pushed himself over the side and fell and fell and fell. He heard the crash before he touched the ground and his was the only chute in the sky.

The door of the hearing room opened and the sergeant motioned Lee to enter. The five men sat stiffly around the table, their uniforms pressed neatly, their oak leaves and gold bars gleaming in the glare of the morning sunlight. Colonel Markham glanced up.

"At ease, Lieutenant."

"Thank you, sir."

The Colonel drew a deep breath and began. "After careful consideration of the facts at hand, the board has reached the conclusion that you were in no way responsible for the unfortunate death of Captain Talbot. The board agrees with your own testimony. Captain Talbot apparently waited too long before bailing out and lost his life as a result. You are free to go, Lieutenant."

Lee snapped to attention.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

He saluted and made his way to the door. He was waiting outside when Colonel Markham came out of the hearing room. Lee straightened and stepped forward.

"Sir, I just want you to know how happy I am about your decision. It would have been pretty rotten if—"

The colonel cut in abruptly. "Our decision isn't the end of it, Lee," he said coldly. Lee's heart sank and he felt a little sick at his stomach. "I just hope you told the truth in there."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, Lieutenant, that if you told a lie, you'll have to live with it the rest of your life."

Lee watched the colonel disappear around the corner and then he walked to the telephone booth and dropped in a dime.

"Operator," he said. "I'd like to place a collect call to Mr. Harry J. Lee, Senior, of Lakeside, Colorado. Yes, I'll wait."

Daybreak

*Grey mist rising from a reawakened world,
Slowly rolling over roofs;
Premature dawn slipping quietly but quickly into shadows
And illuminating darkness;
Cold dew on frosty grass making chilled stillness—
Wood things creeping out into the coolness
And stirring life once again from sleep;
That is Daybreak!*

—ARLINE ATKINS

Enigma

By ANN GODWIN

Carla stood with her feet wide apart, her body braced against the vigorous attacks of the hair brush. She pulled the tangled locks down into her oval face and counted aloud. "Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five." It was a brave attempt against the emptiness of the room, but the chocolate walls hurled the words back with a hollow ring. Her eyes strayed inadvertently to the carefully made bed and silent typewriter. Everywhere were constant reminders of the golden-haired girl she had learned to love and understand—and lost.

Carla thought of Amy, her roommate for nearly four years. When had she first discovered that ethereal creature that had become a part of her? She wrinkled her smooth brow, but the memory lay just beyond her. "I need Amy," she thought. "She would remember."

Carla walked to the bureau and began to arrange her hair. She remembered that first night in late November. She had lived with Amy such a short time then. It had been quiet like this, when suddenly her eyes had met Amy's in the mirror. They had both laughed shyly, and then, as if in explanation, Amy had ventured: "You know, I was just thinking about that man in chapel today."

"I didn't like him," Carla had stated, matter of factly. "I don't know why, exactly. He looked—well. I was thinking with such thick glasses and bushy brows, he didn't have any eyes. Of course that's a stupid thing to say, but—."

Amy sat motionless. At last she spoke in a tense whisper. "Carla, I was thinking the same thing. The same stupid thing. I thought maybe you'd laugh. But you saw it too." A feeling of mystery swept over Carla just recalling the incident.

That had been the beginning. After that it was the same. Carla's eyes would seek Amy's in class, over an afternoon coke party. Sometimes they remarked over the coincidence; sometimes they only smiled. Always the understanding was there. It was as if some stranger held the two in a world apart.

It became a campus joke: Amy and Carla were mind readers. Everyone thought it extremely funny, but later Carla had discussed the possibility with Amy.

"We're just soulmates," Amy had concluded. "We probably met each other some time before."

"Before?" Carla had asked, puzzled.

"Oh, you know. Back when we were dogs or horses or whatever comes before. Before we were reincarnated." And they had laughed, but the laugh was hollow.

Then there had been long nights of studying, when Carla would suddenly feel the warm, queer feeling of someone watching her, and look up to find Amy's soft eyes upon her. "I was just thinking—" she would begin, and usually, Carla could complete the sentence.

Carla remembered vividly the night she had awakened with a start, and filled with sudden terror for Amy's safety had flipped on the light, only to find Amy calmly standing before the window, the folds of her pale yellow gown moving softly in the breeze. "I had a headache," Amy had explained quietly. "I thought I wouldn't turn on the light. I was afraid I might wake you." And she ran herself a glass of water and slid between the covers. Carla wondered now, as she had wondered then.

Picking up her brush, she renewed the nightly toilet, hurling the numbers distinctly against the death-like quietness of the room. "Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty—" Slowly, she stopped, the brush slipping from her icy fingers. There it was again; for the second time since Amy's death. That same warm, queer feeling of someone watching. Her eyes moved from the empty bed to the window. The air was still. The only sound was an incessant tapping of a pale yellow moth beating its wings against the window pane.

For These Are the Things I Adore

My life is full—.

I ask for nothing more,

For these are the things I adore.

The ocean that stretches in never-ending line,

The pouring surf that knows no time.

The cockle shells that line the beach,

The nodding sea-oats within my reach.

The clouds o'er cast, no longer blue,

Then part to let the sun shine through.

The howling wind that blows my hair,

The cool, refreshing salt night air.

The fine, damp sand beneath my feet

As I tread my moonlight beat.

I ask for nothing more—.

For these are the things I adore.

—JEAN PERMENTER

Stilts

By JOANN GARRETT

Dust particles played within the ray of light streaming through the only sliver of window in the room, and although the window was small, it seemed to Reba as though the whole sun had somehow squeezed itself into that one tiny room, pouring itself on her just to make the work seem harder, the day longer, and the dirt dirtier. She mopped her face and the back of her neck, smoothing the straying strands of coarse black hair, then wiped her brown, sweaty hand on the faded dress Mrs. Kitchens had given her. She felt much older than a woman her age should feel. Somehow the thirty-three years had seemed terribly long.

As Reba glanced toward the corner where Becky sat tenderly scolding the bald cracked-faced doll that Paula Kitchens had discarded years ago, she found it easier to smile a little and almost forget the work and the sun and the sweat that made the hand-me-down dress cling to her back. But she didn't forget the dirt. She couldn't forget it when her child sat in it and played in it; but recently she hadn't been able to find the time or the energy to do anything about it. And when she did get around to tidying up a little, the dirt just came right back. It was always there. Sometimes she wondered if maybe colored people were just born to be dirty. That made her hate the dirt just that much more.

Why does the Lord make some uv us black an' some uv us white, she wondered, and some uv us poor an' some uv us rich? Some uv us to wear old clothes an' some to wear new clothes? Why does He make us diff'unt? They say He loves us all, and we'll know it when we git up Yonder. I reckon Jim knows it. Jim was good. He never fussed; he jes' took what the Lord give him, an' worked on. I'm not good lak' Jim; I complain—I can't hep it. My baby—havin' her to grow up lak' . . .

She looked at Becky again, sitting on a dirty floor with that faded, dirty old doll—but Becky wasn't dirty or faded. She held her head high.

Wonder how long that'll last? Reba asked herself. Wonder how long before her chin starts droppin' lak' she's tryin' to hide her face 'cause it's brown? Wonder how long she'll stand tall before 'dey beats her down?

I won't let her drop her chin! I'll make her stand tall! I won't let 'em beat her down! I won't!

Hot, tired tears almost found their way to the surface of her eyes that had seen so much, and her chin trembled a little—but she didn't cry. She never cried much anymore.

The child's amber eyes shone more than usual today, because today was "Sat'dy". Sat'dy was the day Becky could go with Mama to work, and she could play in the big yard, and if none of little Tony's friends were there she could see-saw and play with Tony. She hoped he didn't have company today.

That's the way it had been every week for the three years since Jim had died of tuberculosis. Five days a week Becky had gone to school (had come home with pretty good marks too; she was a smart child for a third-grader.) Sunday's Reba's sister kept Becky and took her to Sunday School. But on Saturdays she played with Tony (unless he had company, or was spending the day with a friend. Those days Becky resigned herself to wandering through Mr. Kitchen's garden and pretending to be a movie star or an elephant rider.)

But the happiest day in Rebeccah Johnson's life were the days she and Tony could play, and he could tell her about how he was going to be a famous doctor, or perhaps a lawyer like his Daddy. Sometimes he thought he'd like to be a clown. This was Becky's favorite because he let her plan with him how they could run away and join the circus, and Becky could ride in an elephant's trunk. And if the elephant started to drop her, Tony would be there to save her! Becky often thought it too bad that she and Tony didn't go to the same school, because it would be very convenient for them to just run away from school one day when the circus was in town. But, then, that might hurt Mama's feelings, she always told herself, rationalizing over the unfortunate predicament of being separated from Tony six days a week. But, please, God, let him be dere by hisself today, she prayed.

As every Saturday, Reba led her child up through the driveway to the Kitchen's back door. The front door was a great mystery to Becky, and she wondered if she would ever be allowed to walk through it. She didn't think Mama would allow it, but maybe when she got big, and came to see Tony, she could go in the front door then. But then maybe she wouldn't ever come to see Tony when she grew up. This too was a mystery to Becky.

"I'se gonna fin' Tony, Mama!" Becky half squealed.

"Oh, why does she worship that brat? She thinks he's sent from heav'n," Reba muttered as she went on into the kitchen.

"Wha's he doin'?" Becky thought aloud as she caught sight of Tony. "Tony! Tony!" she screamed. "Wha's dose sticks you up on? How you git up 'dere?"

"Quit hollering, and I'll tell you. They're not sticks. They're stilts. I got them for my birthday."

"Oooh, Tony. I wisht I could walk on 'em. Can I, Tony? Will you teach me? Pulleeze, Tony. I won't scream. You ain't got no comp'ny, Tony. I won't scream, hones'. Kin I have a turn on the sticks?" The girls eyes were big and pleading.

"Stilts, not stick, I told you. But you can't anyway. I'm not gonna play with you anymore ever. Bobo says you're a Nigger, an' he says all Niggers are bad, an' Bobo knows everything 'cause he's in the fifth grade!"

"Lord God, it's done happen'!" Reba gasped. This time the tears didn't stop as she stood on the back porch within hearing range of the two children—one black and one white. She heard nothing from her daughter.

"What'll I tell her? She's got to know what she's gonna be up against from now on. If only Jim was here! What'll I say? I knew it'd happen if I kep' on bringin' her here. I knew it! Now her chin'll start droppin', an' her eyes won't be so happy no more. And she won't wanta come with me on Sat'dys, an' where'll I leave her. And she won't stand so tall no more. 'Cause he called her Nigger. And she'll start learnin' what Nigger means. An' who kin blame her for not standin' tall. I got to go to her. I got to help her. Lord, what'll I say?"

Becky sat alone by a rose bush, nursing a thorn-pricked finger. Tears streaked her brown face, and she wiped her nose on her dress. A ribbon on one pigtail had come untied. Reba pulled the child close to her.

"Mama—," Becky sniffed.

"What, honey?"

"Mama, you know what I want more'n anything in the world?" The amber eyes looked into the tender, more worldly ones, which were much more tender, but much more worldly at this moment.

"I want some sticks like Tony's Mama, that I can walk on. But I want some lots taller'n Tony's. I want mine to be taller'n Tony's house, an' taller'n our house, an' taller'n anybody in the whole world. So's to see me folks'll have to look way up in the sky. An' I won' be bad like Tony said. Mama, I'll be good, 'cause I'll be so tall, I'll be closer to God than anybody in the world. That's what I want, Mama, some high sticks."

"I'll git you some sticks, honey. I'll keep on workin' hard an' save enough to buy you the tallest sticks uv anybody, 'cause I want my Becky to hold up her chin an' stand tall."

A Wyrd Tale

By TRUDY WILSON

The screaming metal bullet came crashing through the red-and-black wool plaid shirt and into the muscular chest of the youth with all the force of a ten-ton truck. He fell to his knees and the crimson blood poured onto his hunting trousers. This ended the high school Key Club hunting trip. On the frantic race to the hospital his companions muttered through his night-mare-thoughts things like, "Will he bleed to death before anything can be done or we even reach the hospital?" "Who will tell his folks?" "Could any of us be accused of murder?" Murder! Murder! Murder! "He must have lost nearly a quart of blood already." "What will his Dad do?"

He was prepared for surgery. The nurse had started plasma. The only hope for the life of the boy lay in the famed surgeon, Dr. Suggs. Could he be reached in time? He had been to the medical convention in Miami, but there was a hope that he had returned by now.

Mr. Sloan was seated in his office doing the daily jobs of a newspaper editor. His secretary clicked in on her too small high heels and said in her calm cool voice which-never-changed-its-tone-regardless-of-the-emotional-conflict-she-felt, "Mr. Sloan, there has been a hunting accident. Hank is in Belview Hospital. Dr. Suggs has been called, but there is no word that he has been reached yet. Is there anything I can do?"

Mr. Sloan stood up with so much force that he overturned his chair and raced out of his office, calling over his shoulder, "Call my wife!" There wasn't a taxicab in sight. He had to reach that hospital in a hurry. No time to call his wife and get her to come for him. The Tampa traffic raced madly back and forth. He had to reach the hospital. Reach the hospital. Reach the hospital. The sweat was dropping down his face and neck regardless of the twenty degree weather. No friends in sight. No way to reach the hospital.

At that moment a black '53 Plymouth stopped for a light and Mr. Sloan saw his chance. He opened the door on the driver's side, holding his hand in his pocket pretending to have a gun. "Get out. I'll return your car when I finish with it. I must get somewhere in a hurry. Get out!"

With that the driver slowly removed his slight body from the front seat and stood dumbly on the street. Mr. Sloan raced to Belview. The traffic snarled. Time raced on. Red lights caught him at every intersection.

As he finally reached the hospital, Mr. Sloan leaped out of the confiscated car, slammed the door and bounded up the stairs three at a time. Time passed. The nurses paced back and forth. The great Dr. Suggs had not arrived.

An hour later the same man from whom Mr. Sloan had "stolen" the car came briskly in the door, walked quickly to the elevator and called to the nurse at the receiving desk, "I would have been here sooner but some fool stole my car!"

As the elevator door opened, the head nurse, in her starched white uniform stepped out and said, "You're too late, Dr. Suggs. The Sloan boy just died."

Breath of Spring

*The breath of spring that dances,
Across the meadow green.
A girl that dances too,
In the reveries of a dream.*

*The fragrant blossoms that bloom,
And rest on limbs of trees.
Blossoms too on the girl's cheek,
As she dances in the breeze.*

*Spring is here, nature lives—
In every inch of earth.
Love, like nature, lives in hearts,
A love that has rebirth.*

*The world is full of rich sunshine
Free from winter's strife.
The heart of the girl is rich,
Possessing the joys of life.*

*She smiles and nods and sings,
This goddess of beauty and love—
This is the work of Venus,
Who sent the spring from above.*

*This is the time of paradise,
That comes but once a year.
This is the time for love—
These moments held so dear.*

—CLAIRE DORSETT

Coleman's Last Investment

By JERE HOUSE

Mimi, in her gaudy red houserobe, dropped her manicure set and rushed to the door of the apartment. She did not stop to wonder who was ringing the doorbell, for Mimi had many friends—the greater number of whom dared not come except when Earl was absent, as he was now.

The expectant face of the messenger boy greeted Mimi's rather flashy attire as she swung open the door with a painted-on smile.

"Mrs. Lemon?" he asked matter-of-factly.

"Yes, what is it?" Mimi gasped as she saw the telegram he held before her. She snatched the yellow envelope from the outstretched hand, and groped in her purse on the table beside the door. When he was gone, she held the telegram in her clasped fist, not daring to open it. Earl had finally decided to leave her.

Finally, she ripped the scarcely mutilated envelope and pulled the folded slip from within it. Confused relief swept over her . . . it was not from Earl. A wretched smile lit up the over-painted face. Mr. J. Piedmont Coleman, Sr., was dead of a heart

attack, and his will was to be read at his home the following Tuesday. She was "requested to be present."

Mr. Coleman was out of her way forever. Mimi laughed hysterically as she thought of how her father probably died.

"I can see it all now," screamed Mimi to the empty apartment. "The old goat was undoubtedly stretched out dramatically on his death-bed as he gasped out his last words: 'Keep Mimi's no-good husband out of my house'." The laughter ceased now, and Mimi stared at her own reflection in the badly spotted mirror. Her hand went automatically to the rouged cheeks, then to the pencilled eyebrows which were reflected before her. A wave of nausea swept over her, and she slumped into the worn overstuffed chair. She fingered the faded upholstery and burst into uncontrollable tears.



Years swept before her—quickly and confusedly. She saw before her the tall, greying man, standing in the den of their luxurious home and scrutinizing her with all the calmness and conviction for which he was known. She remembered the sunlight which had streamed into the room and made nondescript designs on the thick carpet. She had been frightened as her father spoke.

His exact words had never left her. "Mimi, you know that I am a wealthy man, of social prominence, and I cannot afford to have a daughter of mine marry a man of Earl Lamon's reputation." She had known what he meant: if she became Lamon's wife, she was no longer a member of the Coleman family. He had turned and walked out of the room, pulling the heavy paneled door shut quietly behind him. The tears she had wept then had not been those of relief.

Mimi had not seen her father since that day. She had left with Earl that night, convinced that their life together would be more than adequate to compensate for any loss she would have experienced in connection with her father.

Mimi laughed ironically. "I've never been happy for a whole hour in my entire life."

The cheap figurine across the room seemed to leer at her as she relived the beginning of her married life. All had gone well for a few months—Earl seemed to be happy, and she was completely devoted to her husband. Earl was six years younger than Mimi's own thirty-seven, and was, she thought, a very attractive man. Soon, however, Earl seemed to become restless, inattentive, and moody. Mimi had tried desperately to reach him, but seemingly, her attempts had only made the situation worse. Earl began to stay out late at night; sometimes he would not come in at all. He began to drink heavily, and would talk endlessly on these occasions. Nothing Mimi could do would cause any improvement.

Again, a specific event stood out in Mimi's mind. Earl had come in one night, thoroughly drunk. His coat was wet, and water ran off the brim of his hat. The rapid rhythm of the rain on the window had been closely akin to that of Mimi's heartbeat.

"You're drunk, Earl," said Mimi when he came through the door.

"You're damned right I'm drunk, and I've got a right to be," stormed Earl.

Mimi had sat rigid in her chair, waiting for Earl to continue. She had never seen him so completely polluted as he had been that night.

Earl had laughed loudly as he went on, "I'm the only man in the world who's married to two million dollars and has to get drunk on beer." He had staggered to the bedroom door and had leaned heavily on it. His tie was crooked, and his soaked overcoat hung ridiculously below his shoulders. Mimi had clung to the chair, weeping bitterly. She had known then what had happened, and she knew also that she could never stop loving the pitiful creature who stood before her.

When she got out of bed the next morning, Earl was gone. She had not seen him since, nor heard from him except one letter, requesting that she send him his overcoat by return mail. She had mailed the coat, and written several letters, but no answer had ever come.

Mimi had begun to live a rather loose life, trying to forget Earl, but still clinging to the idea that someday he would suddenly return to her, and they could begin anew.

Now the news of her father's death rekindled her hope. Mimi got up from the chair, and went once more to mirror. This time she made an effort to repair her makeup and rearrange the disheveled bleached hair.

Her plan of action was simple. She would write Earl, telling him of her father's death, and ask him to pick her up on the next Monday, and they would drive to the nearby estate of her father for the reading of the will. There was no doubt in her mind that she would inherit the entire fortune of the late Mr. Coleman, for there was no other living relative except "Bingo." Bingo! Mimi winced as she thought of her step-brother. "The despicable idiot," she said aloud.

Bingo was Mimi's step-brother, the son of the second Mrs. Coleman, who had died several years before the late Mr. Coleman. Bingo's real name was Benjamin Harton Coleman, but he was never addressed by any name other than Bingo. He was mentally retarded; probably thirteen years younger mentally than his twenty chronological years. Mr. Coleman had been quite fond of Bingo, possibly because of his handicap, and Bingo had been devoted to his father.

"No man of my father's intelligence would leave two million dollars to an idiot!" reasoned Mimi joyfully.

The letter to Earl was written, and an answer was received. He would pick up Mimi the following Monday and drive to Mr. Coleman's estate. Mimi was overjoyed. She busied herself with numerous preparations against Earl's arrival. At last, Monday came, and Earl appeared early in the afternoon. Relations between the two were strained, and conversation was scarce, except for Mimi's pathetic attempts to reminisce. The drive was increasingly pleasant, however, as Earl became more and more talkative. They even joked a little and recalled the few of their happy moments of their life together.

When they arrived at the mansion, they were greeted coolly, almost with hostility. The funeral had been two days before, and neither of the two had been present.

Mr. Potter, the lawyer, was in the den, behind the desk. Bingo sat limply on the leather covered chair near Mr. Potter. He was obviously quite ill-at-ease, and desirous of an escape from the presence of his sister and her husband, whom she had never seen before.

Mr. Potter began immediately with the business of the day. "Father has trained him well, I see," thought Mimi sneeringly.

"You all know why you are here," he said precisely.

Mimi nodded. Bingo continued to stare at his fingernails.

"Mr. Coleman was a very wealthy man, as you undoubtedly know Mrs. Lamon, and Benjamin, and I assume that you know that I was appointed executor of the estate," said Mr. Potter. "Just as father would have said it," mused Mimi.

Mimi looked at Earl, who was impatient for the proceedings to begin. Bingo did not stir. His thoughts were not here in this elaborate den.

Mr. Potter continued. He read through the introductory portion of the will, pausing to glance at Mimi. The same nondescript designs were on the thick carpet.

Finally, the lawyer began the bequeaths. Mimi sat glued to her chair, staring at Earl. Bingo remained unchanged.

Mimi closed her eyes as Mr. Potter read, not listening closely, but hearing only snatches. "... \$5,000 to Mr. Potter ..." Then "... \$10,000 to a local charity" ... on and on ... still no mention of Mimi or Bingo ... Bingo seemed not to hear. Mimi felt faint.

Suddenly, Mimi heard the lawyer's words once more: "... my son Bingo is to receive his trust fund of \$50,000 to be administered by Mr. Potter, and the rest of my estate I do bequeath to my only daughter, Mrs. Earl Lamon..."

Mimi opened her eyes and looked toward Earl's chair.

He was gone.

Phantom Concert

*Thin, dusty shadows hiding in the hall
To trip you with a pointed fingertip . . .
Cold shadows of the remnant of the day
In pleasure seek the corners of the night
And nestle there in musty hideaway
With hushed tone. No breeze disturbs
The slumber of the stage to reincarnate
Filaments of song that danced there today.
And yet there is a song of finer form
That echoes in the silence of the dark:
Eerie, whispered tones of silver lute . . .
The mellow, golden voice of plucked harp.
And then long purple shadows crept
Far back into the corners of the night . . .
Leaving you alone with silent stage
And filaments of song out in the sun.*

—CHARLYE WIGGINS

A Young Man's Fancy

By JANE MCCAIN

"Bill!" exclaimed Mrs. Maxwell, turning from the stove. "You can't possibly eat three of those things!"

"Whaddaya mean, those things! Pickle and onion sandwiches are good! Anyway I'm hungry—I had a hard day at school today." Bill stacked up his three sandwiches and started to leave the kitchen.

"Just where do you think you're going? You sit right here in the kitchen to eat that. Your sister has a date tonight and I'll not have you getting crumbs all over the living room floor."

"Aw, heck!" Bill folded his long legs under the kitchen table. "You'd think she never had a date before, the way you get excited. Who is it this time?" Bill's expression was one of utter disgust.

"All right, Mr. Smarty, you can cut the remarks!" Sally Maxwell stood in the kitchen door. "Mother, where's the belt to my brown dress? Dick and I are going to a party, and I . . ."

"Old Needle Nose!" interrupted Bill with disgust. "Whatever do you want to go out with that stooge for?"

"Bill Maxwell, you be quiet! Mother, will you please tell him to quit making remarks!"

"Now, Bill," soothed Mrs. Maxwell. "Don't tease your sister."

"Oh, for gosh sakes!" Bill got up from the table. "I never saw people get so excited. A guy can't say anything around this house without everybody getting upset!" He stalked out of the kitchen in disdain.

That night the young man of the Maxwell house answered the door-bell. He turned and yelled up the stairs, "Hey, sis! Old Needle Nose is here."

"Bill!" Sally's horrified squeak came from upstairs.

Bill turned to the somewhat uncertain looking young man standing in the door and said in a bored voice, "Come on in. I guess you'd better sit down. Sis has to spend hours in front of the mirror before she looks good enough to get out of the house."

"Bill!" This time the horrified squeak came from his mother. "Don't you have some studying to do—in the back somewhere?" she added sig-

nificantly. Turning to Sally's now embarrassed swain she said placatingly, "Do sit down, Dick. I'm sure Sally won't be a moment."

Our young hero ambled nonchalantly upstairs, stopping in his sister's door and draping his loose jointed frame against the door facing. Sally glared at his reflection in the mirror of her dresser. "Can't you even be civil to guests in this house?"

"Aw, heck, that stooge is no guest. He's just another date of yours. Whaddaya doin' now? You've got six coats of that glop on your face already!"

"Will you kindly get out of here before I throw something at you!" Sally muttered her threat through clenched teeth.

"Aw, women give me a pain," was Bill's comment as he undraped himself from around the door and shuffled off down the hall.

The next day Bill sauntered in from school and downed his three pickle and onion sandwiches as usual. Mrs. Maxwell noticed that he had fewer comments to make to the family than was his custom, but wasn't disturbed by this—only pleased.

Finally, after squirming in his chair in silence for a while, Bill said, making a valiant effort to be casual, "Say, mom—do you remember that flower Sally got last Saturday? How much did it cost?"

"Well, around five dollars, I imagine. Why do you want to know?" She turned around quickly. "Don't you ever ask one of Sally's dates how much his corsage cost!"

"Aw, heck! A guy can't even ask a simple question around this house!"

That night—for the first time in years—there was a battle over who took a bath first, Bill or Sally. After several remarks had passed back and forth, our hero won the argument by going into the bathroom and locking the door.

An hour later, Sally banged on the door. "I know you haven't drowned, worse luck, because I hear you slamming doors in there. What on earth are you doing?"

Her only answer was a mutter and the sound of the clothes hamper being knocked over. After several more attempts, including a few threats, Sally finally got Bill to open the door.

The sight that met her eyes was a strange one indeed. The bathroom looked like a hurricane had hit it, with bottles of hair tonic and shaving lotion spilled all over the vanity and dirty clothes strung from one end of the room to the other. And in the middle of all this confusion stood Bill—immaculate in suit and tie, his hair waved back and glistening with hair tonic, and his face a little the worse for the wear from an attempt at shaving.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Sally, almost too astonished to speak. "Just what are you doing in that get-up?"

Bill walked out into the hall toward the stairs, glanced back at his amazed sister, and said in an offhand manner, "Oh, just out on a date."

Sea Moods

By JO ANN LITTLE

As the impatient sun climbed the east, the sea slowly roused and cast off her black gown for one of a clear, sparkling green. Laughing merrily, she stretched and reached up her foam-flecked arms for the gleaming ball of the sun.

Little wavelets ran playfully up the beach, setting a tinkle the tiny shells. Overhead the gulls winged, calling a hoarse challenge for a game of tag. And as they swooped downward, the sea lifted up her arms to receive them. The sun glinted on the underside of white wings, on the foam, on the clean new world. Riding gently on the breast of the sea the gulls dozed in the sunlight.

Children came out to play and laughed at the swish of the sea's green skirts as she swept clean her beaches, their laughter blending with her cheerful song. Then suddenly, without warning, the capricious sea became angry. Clouds scudded before her wrath and the gulls lifted in swift flight. The children fled in fear. Screaming her fury, the sea lifted high her white hands threatening all heaven and earth. With a roar she plunged landward, tearing, crushing, breaking all in her path. Relentlessly she battered the land again and again until it moaned for mercy.

And then, the anger passed. The waves no longer crushed and tore. Exhausted the sea sank to rest. After anger came contrition and sparkling tears bejewel the beach. Softly, gently as the whisper of lips against the cheek of a loved one, the sea reached out to the land asking forgiveness. The wavelets caressed the sand and brought it willing to her again.

Cautiously the sun peeped from behind the clouds and smiled to see her again so gentle. The gulls returned but without their hoarse cries. They were content to nestle against the once more receptive breast of the sea. Soon children's laughter filled the air and the sea once more took up her song.

As the sun sank, the night winds whispered gently and brought a cooling balm after the heat of the day. The sea donned her robe of black and sank to repose. As the moon rose, he cast a lacework of moonmist on her ebony robe and as from far away came the sound of the peaceful breathing of the slumbering sea.

C. Brumidi? Who's He?

By CAROLYN EADDY

Who is C. Brumidi? We know today who he is because of the efforts of a vivacious little lady from Tempe, Arizona. The lady is Mrs. Myrtle Cheney Murdock, wife of former United States Senator John R. Murdock. Mrs. Murdock is a personal friend of mine, and it is her story I wish to tell.

The day in the late 1940's that the new Senator Murdock and his wife arrived in Washington from their Arizona home was the first time Mrs. Murdock had ever seen our nation's Capitol. Like many other sight-seeing tourists, Senator and Mrs. Murdock joined a guided tour through the building. The thing that impressed Mrs. Murdock was the brilliant murals adorning the Capitol walls. She was especially thrilled by the vivid scenes painted on the Capitol dome, covering nearly 5,000 square feet of ceiling! Even from the floor 180 feet below, the painted figures looked life-size and startlingly real.

These masterpieces of art prompted Mrs. Murdock to ask the guide a question, so simple and so natural that it had probably never been asked before. The query was "Who did all this painting? The answer was "Brumidi." There was no other answer, just "Brumidi." "Brumidi," quoth the Arizona lady, "why, I never heard of an artist by that name." No, neither had the guide, nor anyone else taking the tour. Mrs. Murdock stood looking at the murals that were everywhere in the Capitol—in big reception rooms and little committee rooms, on ceilings overhead and walls all around. She saw depicted before her the supreme moments of American history. She saw the leaders of the young United States, the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, the Hamiltons. As Mrs. Murdock looked and looked and looked some more, first a spark, then a flame, then a burning fire grew within her to find out more about this unknown artist.

Mrs. Murdock figured the easiest way to find out the mysterious Brumidi's given name was simply to look for his signature. She looked, therefore, on the painting nearest her, but no name was there! A little disconcerted but undaunted nevertheless, she looked on another painting. Still no name. She extended her search for several days until she had studied and carefully scrutinized every painting in the Capitol. And only in one place was all that fabulous work signed. The one painting Brumidi had signed was a huge mural of Cornwallis' surrender to George Washington, which is painted on the wall in the Chamber of the House of

Representatives. Scrawled in the corner were these words: "C. Brumidi, Citizen of the United States." There was something strange and stirring about that "Citizen of the United States." The oddness of the artist's signature challenged little Mrs. Murdock to continue her search for knowledge of Mr.— or Miss or even Mrs., perhaps—Brumidi.

When Mrs. Murdock began asking various people she met at political functions in Washington if they had ever heard of C. Brumidi, her husband and friends thought she was carrying her enthusiasm a wee bit too far. She went a step further, however, and searched through miles of files in the Library of Congress, seeking information about the mysterious Brumidi. After about a week of record hunting, Mrs. Murdock came across an old, old paper bearing these words spoken by the artist in answer to the question of how much remuneration he was expecting for his work on the Capitol:

My one ambition and my daily prayer is that I may live long enough to make beautiful the Capitol of the *one* country on earth in which there is liberty.

The only other data concerning Brumidi was that he died in 1880.

If Mrs. Murdock could somehow contact his family—but there were no Brumidis listed in the telephone book. Then, suddenly she had the solution—the cemetery! Since he was dead, he must be buried! Now to find his grave. To her husband this was just the last straw. The search had already been going on for over three years. "But I can't give up now," insisted Mrs. Murdock. With that, she set out to visit ever burial ground in the District of Columbia. At every cemetery the caretaker sadly shook his head as he turned the pages of his musty, dusty manuscripts. The keeper at tiny Glenwood Cemetery paused, however, as he perused the faded yellow records. His grimy calloused forefinger pointed to the entry, "Brumidi, Contantino, plot 70, site 6."

Some four years had passed since Mrs. Murdock began her Brumidi quest; now at last she felt as if she stood on the brink of a great discovery. Almost trembling, she walked out to plot 70, site 6, Glenwood Cemetery. There it was—Brumidi's plot 70 enclosed by a rusty iron fence. Over in one corner was a tombstone. The white-haired little lady felt a strange thrill as she approached the tombstone and stopped to read the engraving. The name on the tomb was NOT "Constantino Brumidi"! Instead it read "Lola Germon." Another look in the cemetery records revealed the identity of Lola Germon as the wife and former model of Constantino Brumidi. There next to his (model) wife lay Brumidi under a clump of dirt and a bunch of weeds. No tombstone marked the grave of the fresco artist; even in his death he had been neglected.

For the next two weeks, Mrs. Murdock, restless and preoccupied, could not get that shabby, unmarked grave off her mind. Over the vigorous

protests of the senator, who said his wife had become obsessed with the desire to reward Brumidi posthumously, Mrs. Murdock bought a can of paint and a brush, donned blue jeans and a faded plaid shirt, climbed in her automobile and set out for Glenwood Cemetery. Arriving there, Mrs. Murdock walked straight to plot 70, site 6, and began painting the rusty old fence surrounding Brumidi's grave! Presently she was startled by a coarse voice which interrupted her work with "What are you doing here?" Not knowing what to answer, Mrs. Murdock simply said the truth, "I'm painting this fence." Looking up, Mrs. Murdock discovered the owner of the voice—a thin, frail, poorly-clad, yet beautiful young girl. The woman, this girl that was Constantino Brumidi's great grandniece!

At last, at long last, the little lady from Arizona had found someone who was related to the artist and could give her all the information she wished. The young kinswoman of Brumidi invited Mrs. Murdock home with her, and on learning that Mrs. Murdock was planning to write a book about the artist if enough information was available, she and her mother turned over to Mrs. Murdock an old trunk filled with Mr. Brumidi's business papers and love letters. Mrs. Murdock just revelled in the contents of this trunk. The fruit of her labor to learn Brumidi's history was a beautiful book about the "Michaelangelo of the Capitol." Included in her book in intimate detail is the life story of Constantino Brumidi, the saga of a genius, a genius devoted to his art. This book contains the first color reproductions that were ever printed of Brumidi's art on the interior of our Capitol.

Brumidi was an Italian who was thrown into prison for no crime other than fighting on the losing side of a little Italian revolution. When asked several years later if he'd rather stay in prison in Italy or be shipped to America, he chose to come to America. Thus, in the year 1855 C. Brumidi landed on the shores of the United States. He could not get over the freedom and liberty he found in America. So great was his love for his adopted country that he volunteered to decorate the Capitol walls. In doing this painting, Brumidi worked incessantly for a quarter of a century, during the administrations of seven presidents (1855-1880). This fresco painting that he was doing was quite unlike ordinary painting because it had to be done while the plaster of the walls was still wet enough in which to mix the colors. After the plaster once dried, there could be correcting of mistakes and no revising of details. Furthermore, to paint the mural in the dome, Brumidi had to lie on his back on a scaffold 180 feet above the floor! The artist was then over 70 years old. Still his "one ambition and daily prayer was to live long enough to make beautiful the Capitol of the one country on earth in which there is liberty." But fate was not to have it so. One day while upon the scaffolding Brumidi slipped and fell. Managing to catch on to a beam by one hand, he hung there suspended for several agonizing minutes before help came. Because of

this accident, he suffered a severe back injury which speedily brought about his death. Sadly realizing he would not live long enough to complete his work on the Capitol, Brumidi tried to teach the fresco art to his son; but the son was not the genius the father was. The result of this tutoring was that the son went absolutely crazy and died in an asylum in Washington.

When Mrs. Murdock had learned all this about Brumidi, she couldn't bear to see this untiring genius go unrewarded. After much talking, coaxing, and wheedling, she finally persuaded her husband to introduce into Congress a bill for \$200 to be appropriated for a marker for C. Brumidi's grave. For one time Congress not only voted the \$200, but doubled the amount and made it \$400. On February 18, 1952, there was a nationwide celebration at Glenwood Cemetery for the purpose of placing a beautiful bronze plaque on Constantino Brumidi's grave. Many people stood watching. Among the spectators was a smiling, happy little lady from Tempe, Arizona, the senator's wife who had at last witnessed the realization of her dream to thank the unknown artist who had transformed the wet plaster walls of our nation's Capitol into beautiful fresco friezes.

C. Brumidi, who's he? We know today who he is, thanks to a little lady from Arizona, a little lady with a magnificent obsession.

In Mind's Closed Sanctum

*There are some things one must keep alone it seems to me
like a pond who at its bottom holds the
rich brown soil
and
turns the water to mahogany
not like the aimless leaves
which
float on top are washed ashore
by
every ripple
until
they wither on the sand and die
no
in mind's closed sanctum
only
things are kept alive.*

—HARRIET HOPE

Captain Jim's Sea Vision

By ARLINE ATKINS

I guess every small town has its special character and ours was no different. There were few people within fifty miles who hadn't heard of Captain Hiscock, but of all his many friends, the youngsters came first. That's how I became acquainted with him. I grew up listening to his endless stories. Jody, that's my little sister, and I would walk down to the docks every chance we had and ask Captain Jim to tell us a story. Sometimes he wouldn't tell us a story but would just talk to us, even then his salty charm held us spellbound.

I was fourteen the last time I visited with Captain Jim. It was one of those hot mid-summer days, the kind that make your clothes feel clammy and your feet burn inside of sneakers. It was cool near the water though, so Jody and I headed for the inlet. The barest trace of a breeze was blowing and it felt good as it hit my face. The air had that smell that comes only from salt water—it was a fresh, pungent smell and I drank it in gladly.

We found the Captain sitting on a barrel where he always sat, quietly smoking his pipe. Jody wandered off to play with some new kittens at the far end of the dock and I sat down on one of the rough planks, crossed my legs, and faced the sea, supposedly acting like Captain Jim. Pretty soon he started talking and this time he talked of his youth as he often did.

"Funny how you can remember things—things that happened a long time ago. I can still see the jetties where I used to go as a small boy. I spent many hours perched on the rocks watching the small commercial boats come in, the larger private ships too. It was a pretty sight to see—the boats, all sizes and shapes but all of them now white, as they came in and out of the harbor."

He was silent a long time before he went on talking. Nothing but the gently pounding surf could be heard and occasionally, the cry of a passing gull.

"You know, Bobby, the water does something to you, especially salt water, besides makes you hungry. You can get that feeling of infinity, vastness—nothing but the ocean, the sky, and a few boats here and there, just enough to look ridiculous. It makes you feel good all over just to

sit there and have the salt spray splash on you. It even tastes good to wet your lips and taste the fine, tangy crust the salt makes."

He paused, and my mind viewed the ocean with his description. Then he went on.

"Then there were times when I wished I were a sea gull. They looked so free and majestic. How I longed to plunge from a great height and dip down into the choppy water! They were strong and defiant as they wheeled about in the air, their shrill cries piercing an otherwise quiet solitude."

"I think I liked stormy days the best though. Then I had the jetties all to myself—no fishermen or boats on those days. The wind would get quite restless and whip the sea into mountainous white froth. Sometimes lightning played across the dark sky and seemed to bite down right into the water. When the rumble of thunder could be heard in the far-off distance. Even the buoy joined in the chorus of the elements, only it sounded lonely and out of place. It even looked lonely as it tossed up and down and sideways- in monotonous motion."

There was silence and Captain Jim said no more, but knocked the ashes out of his pipe, tapping it lightly on the barrel. He found his cane, an old piece of driftwood, got up, and slowly but deliberately walked away, his footsteps muffled by the rapping cane.

It was then that I felt Jody tug on my shoulder. "Come on Bobby, time for dinner."

Captain Jim passed away in his sleep that night and I, more than the others, felt the bitterness of grief. Instead of gently lapping waves, I now heard an angry sea crashing on the sand; the gulls no longer gave a wistful cry but shrieked in defiance to the wind. The sun ceased to feel warm and comfortable, but beat down on my shoulders with relentless heat. The pounding surf mounted in my ears and left only one thought. Darkness!

And it was dark. You see, that piece of gnarled driftwood acted as Captain Jim's eyes and he served the same purpose for me.

Polaris

Bright guiding star which flames in Northern skies . . .
You crystal-silver shepherd of the night
Who leads the lost, as sheep, to blazing hearths,
And comforts those who wait with open arms . . .
A full three hundred years into the past
I gaze when first I note your steady rays
Of light. I see you as you were far back . . .
The place you occupied when I was not
Yet born; and when this nation, newly found,
Was settled only two score years by me
Who came across the ocean's straining wave.
A full three hundred years ago tonight
Your wavering rays first pierced the open space
And thrust their static points into the great
Black-velvet abyss of the seeming infinite . . .
Confined only in the walls of spiraled galaxy;
Onward, rushing headlong through a dark
Consisting of no Time, no Place . . . just Motion . . .
Motion faster than the fleetest thought, and constant
change;
Flashing by the whirling solar suns
Which spin in flames of molten golden splendor,
And by their planets speeding in their orbits,
And yet to Place not destined . . . but only by
Sheer gravity held there, and forced to Motion
By an equal law.
Through monstrous vacuum, which puts to shame
The man-made voids of Earth, you sped to reach
Far out in space, and yet Earth stopped you here.
Senescent splendor . . . if you died tonight
With furied furnace blast and light enough
To kindle darkest space, Earth would not know
Until three hundred years in future time.
Perhaps your death has come. How shall we know?
By Motion in a far off future night . . .
Motion is faster than the fleetest thought and constant
change.

—CHARLYE WIGGINS

The Hands of Life and Death

By CLAIRE DORSETT

Doctor Hailey walked up the strais of County Hospital and paused a minute before he entered the door. Today the hospital was his. Doctor Sloan, the head surgeon, had gone to Greenfield for the day, and had left the position of head surgeon to him—Lawrence W. Hailey, M.D.



Larry thought about Doctor Sloan. He was a great man. He knew medicine from A to Z, and he was the trusted doctor of everyone in Madison. He was getting old, but he was a symbol of life and death to the people. He was their doctor.

Larry had just arrived in Madison not more than a month ago. He was Doctor Sloan's new assistant, and the assistant surgeon for the hospital. He knew the people hadn't accepted him—it was his youth. Even though his grades had always been among the highest in med school, even though his internship had been most outstanding, and even though Doctor Sloan himself was very pleased with his work, the people didn't accept him. He was just too young to know medicine, they thought.

Larry knew how the people felt and he had worked harder and harder, putting to use every word and every line he had learned during his medical training. He won the respect of the people, but they were a little dubious. They hadn't realized yet that his youth was an asset—he had a steady hand, a brain that was fresher with the techniques of operating, and he had contact with the newest equipment, knowledge, and techniques. He knew it would take time to prove himself capable, and he worked even harder.

Larry looked back at the door of the hospital. He thought of all the things a doctor was. He thought of the hospital, the sick, of medicine, and of surgery. He looked at his hands, the guardianship of the living. He smiled and opened the door into another world, another language, another thinking, and another people.

"Good morning, Doctor Hailey."

That was Miss Johnson, one of the few registered nurses in the hospital.

He nodded, smiled at her and walked on through the swinging doors and up the stairs to Ward A. Down the corridor he walked pausing in each room to check the charts, inspect the patient, and to assure the patient that he was getting along beautifully. He went on down the hall checking the respiratory complaints, the gall bladder case, the broken bones, a splinter, a mending rib, four infants, and an impetigo. The people in this ward weren't the sickest, but the richest. They could afford the hospital room and care, so they bought it.

The other wards offered the same thing, only more critical cases. He was checking the first room in Ward C when he heard a shout down the hall. He hurried down there and found a nurse having trouble with one of the patients.

"What's that thing? What you gonna do to me?"

The old man was lying in the bed staring at the nurse as she wheeled the electrocardiogram machine into the room. His eyes showed relief when Larry walked in the room.

"Glad you're here, Doc. This crazy nurse says she's gonna take some kind of a cardiagram on me. Tell her to git out of here and let a man rest in peace."

"I'm sorry but this is necessary," Larry said. "If you'll just be still and quiet it won't take but a minute."

The nurse plugged the machine into the wall socket and began to unwind the lead wires.

"Have you started this patient on digitalis, nurse?"

"Yes, doctor. This is the first E.K.G. we've run on him since we started the treatment."

"I'd like to see the reading when you're through, please."

"Yes, sir."

As Larry left the room and walked down the corridor he heard the old man yelling.

"My God! Come back, doctor, she's trying to electrocute me!"

Larry smiled. The old man was afraid—afraid of the well-ordered machines of the hospital. He didn't know anything about them. But there were some things a doctor didn't know about his profession. He doesn't know what age is and he doesn't know what death is. What absolutely would kill. He doesn't even know what life is, but he knows it's present. And he knows which side he's on. He believes in life and he knows the enemy of life, and he never joins them but fights them constantly, and eternally.

The little office that had been assigned to Larry was connected to Doctor Sloan's. It was on the main floor of the hospital where the office patients visited him. Miss Ames, his nurse, came bustling into the office in her starched white uniform.

"There's a patient in the first examining room, Doctor," she said, quietly handing him a card with the patient's name, address, and other necessary information.

Together they walked into the examining room and a young girl stood up. She was about twenty, Larry noticed, and he looked at her face and then her body. He didn't notice any suggestion of an illness of any type.

"This is Dr. Hailey, Miss Burton, Doctor Sloan's new assistant."

"How do you do," the girl said.

"Regular check up, Doctor," Miss Ames said.

He nodded and left the room to get his stethoscope.

"Where's Doctor Sloan," the girl asked blushing.

"He's out of town today. Visiting the State Hospital to observe some new equipment."

"Maybe I had better come back when Doctor Sloan is here. He's my doctor, you know."

Miss Ames smiled and looked at the girl.

"Doctor Hailey is quite capable of handling all of Doctor Sloan's patients. He's done some remarkable work since he's been here."

"But—", the girl stammered.

"Just remove your clothes, please, and slip into this gown."

Miss Ames noticed the girl just standing and staring at her. She smiled and tried to understand the girl's intense modesty.

"For heaven's sake, Miss Burton, Doctor Hailey doesn't know if you're a blonde or brunette. To him you are just another body, another piece of humanity."

And that's the way it was with Larry and all other doctors. People were just a mass of bodies that needed to be repaired, needed medical advice, and some just needed a pill prescribed by the doctor which would cure them of their imaginary disease. So he really needed help and some just needed psychological satisfaction. These people had no faces and no characters to the doctor. They were just bodies that he worked with and on which he practiced his skill in medicine.

From the office Larry walked to the charity ward and looked at the people sitting in the room waiting to see him.

The first fellow on the left, far end—his lips were blue—heart.

Second fellow—sefaceous cyst. He could see it under his ear.

Third fellow—puffy face—nephritis.

He could tell when a patient was cyanotic—there were signs. People were like books if you could read them, and he did it all the time.

He began working with the people, listening to them describe their aches and pains, and studying their case histories. It was exciting. Every patient was a new book with different chapters, and he would use his knowledge and skill to diagnose the case. He was applying the knowledge of many year's study, and he loved it. He was a doctor.

There was something dramatic about the hospital. The doctor with life and death under his hands, learned, clad in white wisdom—healing in his hands—intellect in his eyes—the eyes of the world on him, pleading, hoping against hope, and the doctor was the last resort.

Suddenly Miss Ames hurried through the door with a frown on her face.

"You're wanted in the emergency room, Doctor. Hurry, it's Mr. Madison—automobile accident."

The doctor hurried into the emergency room and saw Mr. Madison lying very white and still on the table. He had a scalp wound which was still bleeding, and across his forehead was a swollen red streak. Evidently he had hit his head on the top of the car and gone through the windshield.

"Orderly! Get this man to X-ray right away. Tell the technician I want a report immediately. I'm afraid there's a bloodclot—also bone fragments near the brain."

Nurse Ames looked at him with a little fear in her eyes. He frowned at her—wasn't typical of a good nurse, he thought.

"You know who that is, don't you?" she said.

"Another patient, another life to try and save," he said.

"A life that *must* be saved, Doctor. That's J. P. Madison. He runs this town. The town is named after his father. He is the wealth and politics of this town all rolled into one. He owns nearly everything—why, he even owns more than half of this hospital."

Larry frowned at her.

"He's a patient, Miss Ames. His life is in my hands now. I'll do the best I can—that's all I can offer anyone regardless of who he is."

"You better do more than your best, Doctor. This town revolves around J. P. Madison. He *must* live!"

Out in the corridor Mrs. Madison waited. She saw Larry and the nurse enter the corridor from the emergency room, and she hastened up to them.

"How's J. P.? Where's Doctor Sloan? He had better be with my husband. You just tell him there's a big bonus for his hospital if he does this job well. Is he with J. P. now?"

"Mrs. Madison, this is Doctor Hailey. He is taking Doctor Sloan's place today. Doctor Sloan is in Greenfield. Your husband is in X-ray now. We're waiting for a report."

Larry looked at her with a little pity.

"I'm afraid I'll have to operate, Mrs. Madison. There are bone fragments near the brain, and a possible blood clot. As soon as I hear from X-ray, I'll know for sure."

"Just a minute, young man. You will not operate. You get Doctor Sloan here as soon as possible. Send for him and tell him it's J. P. Madison—he'll come. This is an emergency, and not one a young intern like you can handle. Just get Sloan here."

"Madam, I'm a doctor and capable of handling this case. Even if we

sent for Doctor Sloan he wouldn't arrive in time to operate. There isn't too much time."

"Well, call in another doctor. Isn't Doctor Snider here?"

"Doctor Snider will assist me, but I am experienced in brain surgery. I must operate."

"We'll see about this," she said, and walked quickly down the hall.

Larry hurried into the X-ray room. The pictures were being developed—he had to wait a few minutes.

Calls came pouring into the hospital from all over the town. People had heard about the accident and were calling to check what Doctor Sloan thought about it. Asking how Doctor Sloan was going to handle the case—if Doctor Sloan was going to operate. Within a very few minutes the whole town knew that the life of J. P. Madison was in the hands of Doctor Hailey—the new, young doctor. The air was tense—the town waited.

Larry walked out of the X-ray room. He looked at the clock—twenty minutes till one.

"Nurse! Prepare the patient for surgery. Doctor Snider will assist me. Operate at one o'clock."

He hurried to the scrub room and began the ritual of donning the white clothes, and scrubbing his hands and arms.

He was tense. Pressure was on him now. He had to have this man's life. No one could help him—he was alone with his skill and knowledge.

He looked toward the operating room—high drama in there with men in white fighting against death, flashing knives, and blood flowing—mystery. He would have to unravel the mystery.

The nurse entered, helped him slip on the white gown and mask. He dipped his hands and arms into a solution—they dried quickly. The nurse sprinkled his hands with powder then quickly he slipped his hands into waiting gloves.

He looked at the clock—one o'clock!

He walked over to the operating table and looked at his patient. All he could see was a white shrouded figure. Automatically he glanced at the anesthetist and then up at the big clock. His mind quickly calculated the time he would have—fifty-nine minutes. Then he heard the drone of the anesthetist's voice—

"Respiration normal. B.P. 120-90."

Then it was time to begin. He straightened his shoulders and then silently prayed for calm steady hands and a clear mind. He looked up at the nurse, only the expressionless eyes showed above the white mask. In a clear voice he said:

"Let's begin. Forceps!"

The shaved head of the patient was before him.

The head nurse slapped the forceps gently into his hand. He held the gauze over a pail. Another nurse poured antiseptic over it, soaking it. He swabbed the bare skin and threw the forceps on the waiting tray. He put out his hand and the head nurse slapped a scalpel into his palm.

With a quick look at the X-rays he made a deft, clean cut through the skin. Clamps were put in place and the sponges were placed in the incision and withdrawn and discarded, red with blood.

His hands immediately went to the spot where the bones were broken and splintered. Carefully he removed the larger pieces and pushed deeper for the fragments.

The faces about him were tense and his hands worked skillfully, like a perfect machine. He remembered a similar operation that his professor had performed and longed to remember every detail which was so important. Suddenly he was aware that the scrub nurse was wiping the gleaming drops of perspiration from his face.

His fingers pushed and found another piece of bone buried within the tissue. He brought it to the surface and dropped it into the pan only vaguely hearing its metallic click.

The blood welled up furiously and the sponges were applied and removed almost constantly. Suddenly he saw the large clot that lay on the man's brain. The anesthetist's voice hit him with the mechanical:

"B.P. is dropping fast, sir."

He looked at the clock—thirty minutes remained.

He quickly ordered transfusions to be started. The blood was ready and the needle slipped smoothly into the man's arm and the steady drip of the blood seemed to comfort him.

Swiftly, but carefully he began again the task of cleaning away the blood clot. His head was throbbing but his hands were steady as he did his job. His eyes jumped to the clock—twenty minutes remained.

The tension eased within his body—now all that remained was the cleaning up and sewing up. He had won his race against time—and against the whole damn town.

A voice interrupted his thoughts and brought him back to grim reality—with a shock..

"Respiration and pulse have stopped completely."

Larry looked into the eyes of the anesthetist and then slowly around the table at each of the nurses. Their eyes above their masks revealed little of their emotions.

He looked back at the man on the table, and choking back a sob, he laid down his instruments and walked slowly out of the room.

One of the nurses looked down and slowly shook her head. The head nurse looked up at the observation room—there sat Doctor Sloan.

Doctor Sloan had heard about the accident and had rushed back to the hospital just in time to see the last half of the operation.

It was remarkable. The operation was skillfully done. He had quite a

brain surgeon in this new doctor. But what could he say to Hailey? This was one time when there was absolutely nothing to say to a doctor. A time when a miraculous operation had been performed—the best brain surgery he had ever seen—but a power greater than the doctor's had taken the patient.

Doctor Sloan stepped into the hall and told Mrs. Madison the whole story of the operation. It was hard for her to believe that Doctor Sloan praised this young doctor. This Doctor Hailey, so very young, was a gift to the medical profession—they both knew it. Doctor Sloan and Mrs. Madison—both knew it.

The hospital staff knew it.

The whole town knew it.

Everyone knew that in a matter of months this young doctor would be head surgeon of County Hospital and perhaps one of the greatest brain surgeons in the profession.

Mrs. Madison requested to tell him.

I Have Known the Fair by:

ITS SYMPHONY OF SOUNDS:

*The screech of the ferris-wheel brakes,
The rattle of the kiddie's train like a child's playtoy,
The squeak of the caterpillar like dry chalk on a blackboard,
The zooming of the bullet, a plane soaring up, then falling,
The broken shouts of men mingled with music of the side shows,
The children screaming in unexpected terror, laughter, and thrill.*

ITS MOVEMENTS:

*The pushing, crowding, shoving of bodies,
The merry-go-round spinning, spinning, like a top of many colors,
The roller-coaster, a bug, traveling up, down,
The sword-eater swallowing a sword as a snake devours a rabbit,
The aching feet, stooped shoulders of play ended,*

ITS SMELLS:

*The sticky, sugar odor of cotton candy like pink foam spinning on a stick,
The odor of humanity—hot-dogs, popcorn, and sweat.*

ITS SCENES:

*The fat lady waddling like an awkward duck
The freaks . . . Ripley's Believe It or Not . . . come to life.
The exhibits, panda-bears, dolls, prizes, like a cluttered junk shop.
Like the glass-house with many mirrors, the panorama ends.*

—TEMPLE WILSON

To Mother From College

*When Gin with unconfined whim
Doth fill my life with lit,
And my most sacred German then
Doth add its little bit.
When I lie weak at close of day
From tests in subjects three,
Your letters sweetly to me say
That this is liberty.*

*When coffee cups are lifted high,
The stroke of twelve draws near;
Procrastination's judgment nigh,
Thought fled, I sit and stare,
A half writ theme eludes my search;
Writ over it must be.
A starling chained to his perch
Knows greater liberty.*

*Though in my weariness I rest,
My mind is never free;
Of things to do I have a list
And places I should be.
A film today, a paper due,
('Tis simple you'll agree:)
"Compare brave Palamon and you,
Regarding liberty."*

*"Stone walls do not a prison make,"
With Lovelace I'll accede;
As bars do not a cage create,
To greater joy they lead.
For if my days with peace were fraught,
Though fettered I might be,
To sit in quiet, unhurried thought,
I'd prize as liberty.*

—ANNE GODWIN